The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

The New Northwest.

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MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor

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ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

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CHAPTER XV.

Yet Peter Dowd was not a lazy man. He was merely the victim of a wrong education, and while he preferred to live upon the half paid labor of his weak child-wife rather than engage in her occupation himself, thus freeing her from toil for which he saw her strength was poorly fitted, he inwardly fretted over his idle life.

The balmy spring-time days came round at last, and Peter and Ellen Dowd left their dismal lodgings. The infant school passed into other care than that of the pale young creature whose nervous headaches, during her winter's mental toil, had acquired a chronic hold upon her throbbing brain.

Peter Dowd was not as happy in the possession of his bride as he had hoped to be. Many men have learned, to their sorrow, that to chain a woman's unwilling body does not confine her soul.

Traveling first by steamer and then by stage, our friends, after a few days, reached the village of Mackinaw, which had vastly changed for the better since the reader's first introduction to its log meeting house, where, more than seventeen years before, a company of roughly clad men, with good Aunt Betsey Graham in their midst, sat around a blazing open fire, devising ways and means to feed and clothe the hungry and half naked children of the first Peter and Ellen Dowd.

Frame buildings of cheap architecture, painted white, with small, quaint windows and neatly kept door yards, had supplanted the unsightly structures of mud and logs that for years did noble service in the cause of pioneers. Orchards, in bloom and beauty, decked the sloping lawns, and merry children played at hide and seek on the grass-clad common.

The great, lumbering coach halted in front of the unpretentious inn, and Ellen, weary with her tedious ride and sick with olden memories, entered a cheap apartment, called by courtesy the public parlor, though it evidently was the family's sitting room as well. She threw herself, panting and discouraged, into the nearest chair, while Peter looked after their little stock of baggage, and pressed her throbbing temples with her thin and blue-veined hands.

"Tan my hide for sole leather if this ain't Ellen Dowd."

The tired girl, thus addressed, raised her head with a startled look—and there stood her brother-in-law, Ziek Hamilton, his head upon his chest as usual, his brawny hands upon his high hip bones, his shaggy hair and beard as usual transforming his otherwise sufficiently homely face into an expression half human, half orang outang.

"Why, brother Ziek," said Ellen, with a painful effort, "can this be you?"

"I don't see who else in the nation I ought to be," holding forth his hand. "You've grown like all possessed; but you don't look stouter'n two Sampsons. Where do you come from? What are you doing here? Tell me all about it."

"Never mind about me, brother Ziek. Tell me about Sarah and the children," and Ellen gazed anxiously into his face with her lips half open and her finger lifted in attitude of anxious inquiry.

"The old woman's mighty unwell, Ellen. She keeps her bed most of the time now."

"Who *is* the old woman? I do not understand."

"Why, Sarah, of course, but it's been so long since I've called her anything else but 'mother,' or 'old waman,' that I hardly know her by the old name of her girlhood."

"What is the matter with Sarah?"

"O, it's a sort of general debility. She's sort o' been in the decline for a number o' years."

"How many children have you, Ziek?"

"Ten, livin'."

"Have you lost any?"

"Yes, two. The last ones ain't seemed to have no constitution."

"Twenty-seven years of age and the mother of twelve children. Oh, Ziek!"

"Well, it's what a woman's made for. No woman has a right to complain of her lot when she's decently provided for."

"Did Sarah ever complain?"

"O, yes. Like all women, she needed breakin' in. She made a heap o' fuss at first about her 'hard lot,' as she called it, but she hain't said nothin' of late years. But, Ellen, you don't tell me one word about yourself. Bless my stars, how you have grown! What are you doin' here? Who d'ye come with?"

"I came with my husband."

"Your *husband!* Whew!" and Ziek Hamilton tipped back his oat straw hat and gave his hair a blow, sending the shaggy locks away from his fishy eyes. "Tan my hide for sole leather if this don't beat us! When did you get married? Who's your husband?"

"He is my father's second cousin, and his name is Peter Dowd. But here he comes. Allow me to introduce him," turning pale and tightly pressing her throbbing temples.

"My husband, Peter Dowd, allow me to introduce my brother-in-law, Ziek Hamilton."

The two men advanced, and shaking hands, gazed curiously into each other's eyes.

"So, by some strange fatality, another Peter Dowd has come into the family," said Ziek. "Bless my stars if I don't hope you'll prove less lazy than your relative that bore the name. I can't say that I like the looks of you at all."

"And, 'pon my honor, I can conscientiously return the compliment," was the ready answer, that brought up ripples of smiles to the sad face of Ellen.

"If you're as lazy as the other Dowd your wife won't tread on roses. Nobody can say but my family was always well provided for. Why, man, when Ellen yonder was left a wee mite of a baby, and five more of 'em mighty nigh babies, I, Ziek Hamilton, raised the blessed lot of 'em. Then, when the oldest was fourteen, I married her. It was a blessin' for the children when their father died. The old woman makes a pooty good wife for me, but she had a pesky unruly spell of it when she was about twenty years old. Break your wife in early, Peter; break her in. Women are like horses—need to be taught their place. But I do hope you'll be a good provider, though there's not much reason to hope, considerin' your name. I say, Ellen, what's become of old D'Arcy and his grand, highfalutin' airs? Well, is he? What a bombastic"—

"He was well when I saw him last. But oh, Ziek, let me go home to Sarah," said Ellen, interrupting him.

"Better ask your husband's permission. I lay no claim on any man's wife," was the rough reply.

"Peter, let's go," and the pain in the poor child's temples grew more and more severe.

"Better say, 'Peter, *will* you go?' That would sound more respectful, Ellen. Never let her get the start o' you, Peter, my boy," and Ziek Hamilton thus rattled on with his silly twaddle, till Ellen groaned in nervous agony.

Finally even Ziek's garrulous propensities seemed sated, and sauntering out after his team, Ellen and her husband were left alone.

"Is that a specimen of my wife's relations?" asked Peter, sternly, eyeing her as though he were the personification of injured innocence.

"He became my brother-in-law just as you became my husband, sir. He took advantage of my sister's unprotected situation and made her believe she owed to him the allegiance of wifehood. You took advantage of my perilous position in my grandfather's house and compelled me to marry you to escape it. I believe now that I but jumped from the frying pan into the fire."

"You solemnly promised to love, honor and obey me, Ellen. I have been too lenient with you, or you would not dare to throw such taunts into my face. I shall see that you fulfill your vows hereafter."

"And I declare, Peter Dowd, that I despise you! I swear that I defy you! Now do your best and worst!" and Ellen, forgetting for the moment her severe indisposition, began pacing the room excitedly.

Evidently Peter Dowd had caught a Tartar. He did not look for such a demonstration. He really loved his wife, was solicitous about her health and anxious that she should cherish affection for himself. This manifestation of defiance grieved, angered and astounded him.

Ellen took a few turns through the room and then fell back, sobbing hysterically, in the chair.

Ziek Hamilton drove up with his ox wagon, and halting in front of the inn, came to the door, with his large ox goad in his hand, and announced that all was ready.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, giving his shaggy locks the usual blast, "in tears, eh, Ellen? Women are such confounded fools! But be patient, Peter Dowd. Only be industrious and make a good provider, holdin' a tight rein over her, and she'll get as tame after a while as a pet kitten. The old woman went through all them antics, but she's all right now, though I must own I'd be glad to see her able to work like she used to. Come on, let's be off. Won't she be astonished, though?"

Embarking in the great old-fashioned wagon, the three proceeded on their way to the home of the brother-in-law.

The news of Ellen Dowd's marriage and return had spread like wild-fire, and the curious villagers and farmers paused in their work to gaze and wonder as they passed. Ellen took no note of them, and seemed oblivious even to olden memories until they neared the home of Jacob and Betsey Graham, when she involuntarily gazed through her blinding tears into the commodious hewed log cabin, now black with age, but sightly in its tasty covering of running roses, with which Aunt Betsey's guardianship had clothed it as a fit bower for fairies. The good old lady sat in the door-way, straining her dim eyes to get a view of Ellen and her husband.

"Whoa!" yelled Ziek, in a voice that seemed to Ellen as though it would split her head.

Uncle Jacob paused from his work in the garden and leaned upon the handle of his rake, as if stupefied with astonishment.

Aunt Betsey came tottering out to meet them, and Ellen Dowd, descending from the wagon, fell fainting in her arms.

Peter uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"Don't be uneasy," said Ziek. "It runs in the family. The old woman often has these spells."

But Peter was really alarmed. He bore her limp form tenderly into the house and laid her upon a cool, white bed. Proper restoratives were applied, and the poor child-woman speedily revived to consciousness.

Aunt Betsey beckened Peter aside and gave him a few words of information and solicitude.

"Won't you spend a day or two with us till Ellen gets a little stronger?" she asked, beseechingly. "Sarah is not able to give her proper attention, an' she'll die if she ain't taken care of."

"Oh, Aunt Betsey," said Ellen, pleadingly, "do let me stay with you."

"It's all settled, honey. He says you may stay. Bless your eyes! They're just as sweet an' pretty as they was when it was 'eft a tiny baby! Aunty's thought of it so often! But it's sick, poor child, an' musn't talk now. Tomorrow it s'all see it's sissy."

"Ellen smiled languidly and gratefully in the dear old face.

"I'm glad to see you," she whispered, pressing her wrinkled hands in her own transparent ones. "It seemed as if I never should see anybody that I loved again."

"Why, don't you love your husband, Ellen?"

"Every woman loves her husband, don't she?"

Aunt Betsey shook her head, and then, aside to Jacob Graham, she exclaimed indignantly, "That's no love match!"

It was arranged that Peter and Ellen were to visit the home of Ziek and Sarah on the following day, if Ellen should recover, and Ziek Hamilton departed alone in his wagon, soliloquizing as he went.

"I must keep my eye on Peter Dowd. If he only starts right all will be well enough. He must be a good provider, though; and then, if he'll manage Ellen, and keep her in her place, they'll do we'll enough. But it don't do to let these women get the start of a man. Gee, Buck! Wo, haw, Berry!" and leisurely wending their way through the forest the contented oxen at last reached the ford by the old foot-log where Peter Dowd the first had lost his worthless life.

Two of his children stood upon the opposite bank, calling lustily for help. Ziek whipped his oxen through the water, giving them no time to drink, and taking the boys in the wagon, hurried to his squalid cabin home, where the young mother of his half a score of children lay upon the ragged bed, her sanguine life blood oozing from her throat, covering the bedding with the clotted gore.

The patient could not speak, but motioning for a slate and pencil, with which one of the little ones was amusing himself, she reached forth her hand and scrawled the words, "Ellen—I want Ellen."

(To be continued.)

WHO GETS BREAKFAST?

BY MRS. BELLE W. COOKE.

As I was walking up street the other day in company with a friend, we overheard the following racy dialogue between a pair of five year old "Young Americas:"

"I say, Trottie Barnes, does your mamma lie in bed in the morning and let your papa get up and get breakfast?"

"Yes, she does," replied Trottie stoutly.

"Well, I think it's awful," was little Nell's comment.

"I should like to know why?" queried Trottie. "What does *your* mamma do? Does she get up and get breakfast and let your papa lie in bed?"

"No," said Nell; "they both lie in bed, and the Chinaman gets breakfast."

"Well," said Trottie, "my papa can get better breakfast than a Chinaman, and, besides, my mamma isn't well, and I don't think she is awful a bit. She is just as good as your mamma, Nellie Hart."

We passed on, and I remarked to my friend:

"There is the question of the day discussed by those little midgets, unwittingly and indirectly, but, after all, the point in dispute is the same. No doubt Nellie has heard the mother of her little friend censured by her parents, and is thus early forming opinions in accordance with the old-time notion that it is a woman's duty to cook (whether able or not), and equally the man's duty to 'let it alone.' If Mr. Barnes was as frail and delicate as his wife, no one would ever find fault if she should wait on him with his toast and coffee at his bedside in the morning, and split her kindlings and bring the water, or even dig the potatoes if she chose. She might even be called a good wife for her kind care, and no one would think of blaming *him*."

"Yes," said my friend, "what you say is true. But leaving the question of health out entirely, I never could see why it was any more a woman's natural duty to get up in the morning and build a fire and get breakfast, and then call her husband, than it was his to do the same thing, provided he knew how; and his knowledge would of course depend on his early training."

"I am afraid," said I, "you will never find a husband to agree with you, Fan, or one with the necessary early training."

"I may not," she replied, "but I hope the boys of the next generation may be better educated than to feel it kind or proper to lie in bed, or even sit and toast their toes and read the morning paper, while the woman they profess to love is hurrying to get them an eleborate meal, lest they growl over muddy coffee and plain toast."

"There is another point of the subject that will bear thinking of," said I. "A man's day's work is generally done at six o'clock, and he has his evening for rest and recreation, while most wives and mothers who have not plenty of servants work till a late hour of the evening, often three or four hours after the husband's work is done. It seems to one it is only equalizing the thing for him to start in first in the morning, and let her rest, and if they both agree to it, I see nothing improper in it."

"Improper!" said Fan. "I hope the time will come when the impropriety will be on the side of those husbands who selfishly seek their own comfort and ease at the expense of their hard-worked wives."

A WALK IN A FLOWER GARDEN.

BY CONSTANCE.

A few days ago I walked forth to enjoy the vitalizing effect of the air and receive the magnetic influence of the sunlight. In my wanderings I came to a beautiful garden, containing a variety of shrubs and flowers, some of which were very fair and fragrant, of gorgeous colors and luxuriant growth. Others were not very attractive, either in form, color or odor. My curiosity was somewhat excited to learn the qualities of some of them. Observing the gardener at work near by, and thinking that I would not be trespassing on forbidden ground, I opened the gate and entered. He was spading around a tall, graceful plant, with rich evergreen leaves and small pink flowers. I at once felt a considerable interest in it, and inquired its name.

"This," said the gardener, "is Hope. It is a hardy plant and often springs upon very poor soil, although it never attains its full size unless it is situated in a fertile spot and receives much cultivation. It is very valuable, and its fruit is no less delicious than are its flowers. Hope exerts a most charming influence over its companions of the garden, always giving them encouragement. When they complain of the cold, cloudy weather, that they cannot attain that perfection of character which they desire without the light and heat of the sun, it points them to the future, when King Sol shall drive the dark clouds away and triumphantly turn upon them his dazzling face."

Thus Hope doth speak of joy to come,
And ever gild the present gloom.

Not far from Hope crept a vine of rapid growth, with dark green leaves and flowers of a purple hue, ever emitting an unpleasant odor.

"This," said the gardener, "is Despair. It also is hardy, and will flourish on the poorest soil. Its tendrils often reach Hope and twine so tightly around the young and tender branches that it is with great difficulty that they are removed. Despair exerts a melancholy influence over its neighbors, telling them of some impending evil and causing them a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

But weak souls only breathe the air
Where float foul ordors of Despair.

The gardener advanced a few steps toward a wide spreading plant of luxuriant growth, with uncommonly large leaves and golden flowers, which glittered in the bright rays of the sun.

"This," said he, "requires much care and pruning. It sends forth sprouts in all directions, and would choke out many valuable plants were it not often trimmed. It is not only an ornament to the garden on account of its beauty, but it possesses some excellent qualities. It gives its neighbors very good advice, which, if followed to a reasonable extent, would give strength and vigor to both mind and body and enable them to excel in the most difficult undertakings; but if followed too closely it only exposes their frailties and makes a wreck of the most profound mind. Its name is Ambition."

I observed, situated in a more remote portion of the garden, a very slender shrub, with linear-shaped leaves and delicate white flowers, whose waxen petals glistened in the sunlight. It was so exceedingly fragrant that all the air was filled with its odor.

"This," said the gardener, "has a sweeter perfume than anything in the garden, but it requires a great deal of culture and must be kept free from all weeds, for it begins to droop the moment it receives the slightest neglect, and cannot be revived without special and tender care. Its name is Affection. It exerts a lovely influence over its neighbors, causing them to live in harmony, each aiding and forgiving the other. And where its advice is strictly followed there is no such thing known as war, backbiting or scandal."

May Love with nectar fill her bowl
And give to drink each thirsty soul.

Not far from the center of the garden grew a shrub with long, wiry branches, which bent to the slightest breeze.

"This," said the gardener, "possesses a very small degree of brittleness," and he severed a twig with his pruning hook and gave it me to test its pliability, which I found to be very great. "We always avoid," said he, "placing this shrub near the fence, for it is so exceedingly flexible that the wind blows the branches over, around and through the fence in such a manner that it is almost impossible to tell whether the roots are within the enclosure or not. Its neighbors form a very favorable opinion of it on first acquaintance, which it is enabled to maintain with most of them for a time by its much smooth talk and frequent protestations of affection. But when injustice and oppression prevail, and it becomes necessary to innovate on the customs and laws controling the garden, Instead of leading in the van, Policy (for such is its name) falls in the rear, and is sure to wait until satisfied that the innovation will be adopted before it consents to appear in the ranks of reform."

The gardener then led me to a remote corner of the garden, where grew a stately, wide spreading tree, whose thick evergreen foliage afforded a cool shade from the burning rays of the sun, which had now reached the meridian, and whose fair, fragrant flowers, unmoved by the passing air, followed constantly, with unbowed heads, the daily revolution of the sun.

"The name of this tree," said the gardener, "is Justice. In regard to its social standing with its neighbors, it is not very popular. They take offence at its plain, truthful sayings, and consider it unrefined because destitute of that prevarication which is considered so essential to polite conversation. Thus Justice often receives the slights and sneers of the giddy throng, remaining steadfast to principle and apparently unmoved at beholding homage bestowed upon others less worthy. Although passed by unheeded and neglected throughout the long summer of peace and prosperity, yet when the winds of adversity blow through the garden and revolution impends over the heads of its inmates, then they appeal to honesty and seek refuge under the canopy of Justice."

Thus Truth and Justice, Hope and Love,
Throughout the earth's broad field may move;
But Envy, Stratagem, Deceit,
With ignominy shall retreat.

SALEM, March 29, 1872.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

M. A. S., Lafayette: With practice and experience you will make a good writer. We give the two first stanzas of your article on Woman's Emancipation, and hope to hear from you again.

"The winds are free, the waves are free,
And flowers and birds and bees;
And to our ears there comes a chime
Of music from all these.

Then make all womankind as free,
And let there be no slaves;
Then there'll be smiles and harmony
And peace, and fewer graves."

It does womanhood no good to talk about "appalling servitude," "living death," "mercy of the oppressor," and so on. Men really are no more to blame than women for woman's present status. The dawn of intellectual supremacy is upon us, and our correspondent even now can sever her "clanking chains of positive slavery" by resolute determination to work out for herself such destiny as suits her. "Girls who have passed the age when they are not able to plan and work for themselves" need not submit to "the legislation of fathers and brothers" unless they lack energy to help themselves. The great trouble with most of these restless spirits is that they make bad worse by getting married before they are old enough to endure life's severest discipline. We hope our contributor will not make this mistake.

Mollie G.: The spring styles of millinery are now out, but we are not as yet advised as to the ruling ones. Will apprise you in due time of what prove to be popular styles.

Ellen: Efforts are again made to revive the trained dresses for street wear. We honestly doubt any woman's capacity to exercise the prerogatives of an American citizen if she willfully mops up dust, tobacco juice, cigar stumps, and other filth, with her skirts. A trailing dress is an emblem of degradation. It is suggestive of weak brain and back aches; of dependence and incompetency; of frailty and subjugation. Mark the contrast between you tidy, brisk little woman, whose neatly trimmed skirts coquettishly clear the dirty sidewalk, and that would-be stylish dowdy who mops the pavement with several square yards of costly silk, and choose between them for your model of neatness and beauty.

A genius for figures computes that the weight of the salt in the oceans of the world is just about 47,040,000,000,000,000 tons. That salt savors of naught.

The Singer and the Song.

The rapture of a song
Rose over crowded ways,
And thrilled the passive clays
And stirred the idle throng.

I sought the singer long,
And found—a grass-grown grave,
With naught to mark it, save
The memory of a song.

The happy flowrets, wed
To June, were blooming nigh,
Infinite heights of sky
Were glad above the dead.

Low in my heart I said,
"What need of lettered stone?
The singer died unknown,
The sweet song lives instead."

Tender and True.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Strong and manly and true as steel."

It was the remark of a gentleman standing near me. I did not hear the reply made by his companion, who was a lady; but, from something in the manner of the gentleman, I concluded that her idea of the person referred to, was not in full accord with his.

At the lower end of the room a beautiful young woman stood leaning on the arm of her husband, into whose face scarcely any one could look without admiring its manly beauty and signs of intellectual strength. It was, moreover, a true face; and yet as my eyes lingered upon it, and then turned to the sweet, loving countenance of the bride, a shadow crept over my spirits.

"Strong and manly and true as steel."

Yes, you saw all that in the finely cast face; in the full lips; in the large wide eyes and nostrils; in the ample forehead. "Strong and manly and true as steel." Even so. And, yet looking still into the tender, almost dreamy face of the bride, I could not feel all at ease touching her future.

Grant Baldwin I knew well. We were old friends. His bride I had not seen until this evening. There was something more than beauty in her face—something that held your gaze like a spell. Her eyes were of a deep hazel, large and soft; her countenance very fair, almost to paleness; her form slight and her stature low. I noticed that, as she stood by her husband, she leaned toward him in a kind of a shrinking, dependent way, and every now and then glanced up into his face with a wistful sort of look that I did not understand.

I met them not long afterwards in their new home, and was more than ever charmed with Mrs. Baldwin. She was pure and sweet and gentle, and he was strong and manly and true as steel—meet compliments of each other, one would think; and yet, as on that first evening, I felt the lack of some element to give a complete harmony to their lives. It troubled me. I knew my friend well—knew him to be a man of high honor and strength of character; a little cold and undemonstrative, as we say; rather more inclined to hide what he felt than to give it free expression.

It happened that I did not come very near them again for several months, and then I noticed with pain that an invisible barrier had grown up between them, and that neither had found the sweet pleasure anticipated. During the evening I spent with them, I saw the tears spring to the eyes of Mrs. Baldwin more than once; and I noticed in them a hungry kind of look as they rested now and then on her husband's face. I was puzzled. What could it mean?

A few days afterward, meeting Mr. Baldwin I asked after his wife.

"Well," he answered.

But in his tone of voice my ear read: "Not well."

"How does she like her new home?" I inquired. He had brought her from a neighboring city.

My friend sighed involuntarily, "Not too well, I'm afraid," he answered. "She still feels strange."

"The tenderer the flower," I remarked, "the more difficult to transplant."

"Yes," in an absent tone.

"I should say," I added, "that your wife has a highly sensitive spiritual organization."

"Undoubtedly that is true," answered my friend. "But are not persons so organized difficult to understand?"

"Sometimes."

"Always, I should say," he returned. I did not know what reply it was best to make, and so kept silent. After a little while he said with some feelings: "I would give all the world to make her happy!"

"Happy!" My surprise expressed itself in my voice.

"Yes, happy," he said with emphasis. "My wife is not happy and it troubles me beyond measure."

"Do you make no guess at the cause of her unhappiness?" I asked.

"I am at sea. Sometimes I think she don't really love me. No! No!" he added quickly, "not that! I am sure of her love."

"Is she as sure of your love?" said I. The question seemed to hurt him.

"Have I not chosen her from among women to be my wife?" he answered, with some of indignation in his voice. "Am I the man to say 'I love,' and not mean it? Did I not promise before God to love and cherish her till death? Sure of my love? If I have any element of character more strongly developed than another, it is the element of *truth*. When I told her that I loved her, I told her an abiding truth. She is as dear to me as the apple of mine eye. The very thought of a doubt on her part hurts me like an accusation of wrong."

A light came into my mind, bringing a revelation of the real ground of trouble, and I said: "Have you been as tender to your young wife, always, as true?"

His eye flashed; but the fire went out of them instantly.

"Mere truth in character is often reserved and proud," said I. "True steel is all well enough. But steel is hard and cold, and chills by contact."

Baldwin looked at me strangely.

"Tender and true, my dear friend! Tender and true! Love will have nothing less," I ventured to add.

"Good-morning!" he said in a voice I scarcely recognized, and turning from me he walked away.

Had I offended him? We did not meet again for several weeks. I was going homeward one evening, when I heard quick feet behind me. A hand was laid on my shoulder and a familiar voice spoke my name. It was my friend Baldwin.

"Come home with me," he said.

I tried to excuse myself, but he would take no denial; so I accompanied him home. His manner as we walked was frank and cherry.

"How is Mrs. Baldwin?" I naturally inquired.

"Oh, very well! he answered, without change of tone.

"Getting more reconciled to her new home!"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to hear it. Few of us can bear an entire change in our surroundings without a shadow falling on our spirits."

He did not reply to this remark, but changed the subject.

Mrs. Baldwin met her husband almost at the door. She had been watching for him at the parlor window. I noticed that he kissed her tenderly and put an arm about her waist, spite of my presence. Her face was all alive with pleasure, and its whole expression so different from what it was when I last met her, that I could but wonder at the change. Her manner toward me, her husband's friend, was very cordial, and quite in contrast with what it had been at a previous meeting. Then she was depressed, absent, and ill at ease, and when she looked at her husband her face, instead of lighting up, grew strangely shadowed.

I understood it all. The true and loyal husband had suplemented fidelity with tenderness. I saw this in every word, and tone, and action. The half-proud courtliness of manner—the dignified repression of feeling—which had so hurt and chilled his loving little wife, and held her away from him, were all gone, fused by the tenderness he permitted to go forth in speech and act.—Tender and true! Yes, he was all that now; and his sweet young wife felt herself to be the happiest woman in all the world.

Gleanings.

The flower trade of New York city aggregates over one million of dollars a year.

A widower was recently rejected by a damsel who didn't want a "warmed over" man.

A Wisconsin girl was married barefoot, in the bootless hope of obtaining good luck thereby.

A candid old bachelor says: "After all, a woman's heart is the sweetest in the world; it's a perfect honey-comb—full of sells."

A young lady wants to know whether a girl may be sure a man loves her unutterably when he sits in her presence for an hour without speaking.

A citizen of Salem complains that he has a neighbor who lives so close to him that said neighbor has not spent a cent for fire wood for six months.

A man who was told by a clergyman to remember Lot's wife, replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

Husband and wife in Russia always own their property separately, and instances of wives suing their husbands for debt are by no means uncommon.

A temperance editor in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of his papers, says: "For the Effects of Intemperance see our inside."

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to a man who was extending his jaw frightfully, "as I intend to stand outside during the performance."

It is a fact, hardly realized in this country, that Russia is as famous for high educational advantages extended to her women as is the case in the United States. Boys and girls are equally considered.

The Woman Suffragists of Massachusetts claim that there are 150,692 women in the State who are ready to vote, more than three fourths of whom are natives of the United States. These would-be voters pay taxes on $131,000,000.

In Cincinnati a woman lately bailed her husband out of the station-house, where too much indulgence in the flowing bowl had sent him, with the proceeds of the sale of her hair, which was unusually long and beautiful. He, on his part, grieved so much at his faithful wife's surrender of her chief beauty for his sake that he procured a divorce, and is expected to marry another woman at an early day.

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where there were collected together some dozen countrymen, the animal, as usual, ran opposite the door, and then stopped, in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and inquired if he would sell that horse. "Yes," said the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears any calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

Horse car conducting has its amenities in San Francisco. The other day there entered a passenger, richly dressed, wearing a suit whose polish reflected one's face almost as a mirror, and from the pocket of his velvet vest hung a massive gold chain. The chain alone gave him the appearance of a fortunate miner. The conductor, as the car neared the depot, started on his tour of collection, intending to commence with the miner. He placed his hand on the side-pocket of his coat to draw forth his nippers, when out came a formidable five-shooter from the miner's hip pocket, accompanied with this exclamation: "Look hyar, stranger, I kim from the mountains, but you can't get the drop on me!"

The following bit of romance from real life appears in the Greeley (Col.) *Tribune:*

About thirty years ago a young man was betrothed to a girl in England, but subsequently the engagement was broken. He afterward married another woman, had children, lost his wife and came to Greeley. On Monday morning an old man with a staff was at the depot on the arrival of the train from the East. An old lady, Miss Dean, stepped from the cars and inquired for Thomas McDowd. The old man knew him, and would be happy to carry her baggage to Mr. Childs', where he was stopping.

She said that McDowd was expecting her, and she was sure she would know him, for he was an old acquaintance.

On arriving at the house, the old man asked her if she was certain that she would recognize her friend. Of course I would. Well, Maria, I am the one you are seeking. Just then Justice Childs came in, and the lovers were married after thirty years of waiting."